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O D E

COMPOS'D FOR THE
PUBLICK COMMENCEMENT,
At CAMBRIDGE:

On Monday *July* the 6th. 1730.

At the MUSICK-ACT.

The WORDS by
ALEXANDER POPE Esq;

The MUSICK by
MAURICE GREENE,

Doctor in MUSICK.

O D E

I.

DESCEND ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing Instruments inspire,
 Wake into Voice each silent String,
 And sweep the sounding Lyre!
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling Lute complain:
 In more lengthen'd Notes and slow,
 The deep, majestick, solemn Organs blow.
 Hark! the Numbers, soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the Ear;
 Now louder, they sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill Ecchoes rebound:
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The Strains decay,
 And melt away
 In a dying, dying Fall.

II.

By Musick, Minds an equal Temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the Breast tumultuous Joys arise,
 Musick her soft assuasive Voice applies;
 Or when the Soul is sunk in Cares
 Exalts her with enlivening Airs.
 Warriors she fires by sprightly Sounds;
 Pours Balm into the Lover's Wounds:
 Passions no more the Soul engage,
 Ev'n Factions hear away their Rage.

III.

III.

Amphion thus bade wild dissention cease,
And soften'd mortals learn'd the Arts of Peace.

Amphion taught contending Kings,
From various discords to create
The Musick of a well-tun'd State,
Nor slack nor strain the tender Strings;
Those useful Touches to impart
That strike the Subjects answ'ring Heart;
And the soft, silent Harmony, that springs
From Sacred Union and consent of Things.

IV.

But when our Country's Cau'e provokes to Arms,
How Martial Musick every Bosom warms!

When the first Vessel dar'd the Seas,
The *Thracian* rais'd his Strain,
And *Argo* saw her kindred Trees
Descend from *Pelion* to the Main,
Transported Demi-Gods stood round
And Men grew Heroes at the Sound,
Enflam'd with Glory's Charms:
Each Chief his sevenfold Shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining Blade;
And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies rebound
To Arms, to Arms, to Arms!

V.

But when thro' all th' Infernal Bounds
Which flaming *Phlegethon* surrounds,
Sad *Orpheus* fought his Confort lost;
The Adamantine Gates were barr'd,
And nought was seen, and nought was heard
Around the dreary Coast.

But dreadful Gleams,
Dismal Screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,

Sullen Moans,
 Hollow Groans,
 And Cries of tortur'd Ghosts.
 But hark! he strikes the Golden Lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd Ghosts respire,
 See shady Forms advance!
 And the pale Spectres dance!
 The Furies sink upon their Iron Beds,
 And Snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their Head.

VI.

By the Streams that ever flow;
 By the fragrant Winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian Flow'rs,
 By those happy Souls who dwell
 In yellow Meads of *Asphodel*,
 Or *Amaranthine* Bow'rs:
 By the Hero's armed Shades
 Glitt'ring thro' the Gloomy Glades,
 By the Youths that dy'd for Love,
 Wandring in the Myrtle Grove;
 Restore, restore *Eurydice* to Life;
 Oh take the Husband, or return the Wife!

He sung, and Hell consented
 To hear the Poet's Pray'r;
 Stern *Proserpine* relented,
 And gave him back the Fair.
 Thus Song could prevail
 O'er Death and o'er Hell,
 A Conquest how hard and how glorious?
 Tho' Fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her;
 Yet Musick and Love were Victorious.

F I N I S . . .

